

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

THE Emperor of Brazil is expected to visit Europe at the end of the war. He will make a long stay in Vienna.

The Earl of Dudley, it is said, has offered his beautiful seat, Witley Court, near Worcester, as a temporary residence for the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial. The Earl and Countess of Dudley are now in Scotland.

The Liberal Association of Greenwich has received an acknowledgment from M. Jules Favre of its address of sympathy with the French Republic. The reply is to the following effect: "Thanks for your noble and brotherly sympathies. They console us in our misfortunes; they encourage our hopes and strengthen the national amity which ought to unite two great nations. We desire only peace; but, if we are to be compelled to buy it by the sacrifice of our honour, we will fight to the last drop of our blood, certain of having with us all true-hearted men. I send you the expression of my most cordial sentiments.—Vice-President of the Government, Minister of Foreign Affairs, JULES FAVRE.—Paris, Sept. 16, 1870."

The polling at Shrewsbury took place on Wednesday amidst considerable excitement. We learn by telegraph that at the close the numbers were, for Mr. Straight, Conservative, 1,256; and for Mr. Cotes, Liberal, 1,253.—the majority in favour of the former being 38. For the first few hours the Liberal candidate was at the head of the poll.

A dramatic entertainment will be given this evening at the Charing-cross Theatre, under distinguished patronage, in aid of the Fund for the Sick and Wounded in the War.

On Sunday evening a half-starved refugee, said to be an American by birth, but in business for many years in Paris, arrived in London hungry and penniless. Meeting with a good Samaritan, he was taken into a well-known tavern in Fleet-street, the landlord of which was instructed to supply his wants. The process was tentative; but the result was that he consumed five plates of beef, five breads, two Welsh rarebits, a shilling's worth of pickles, and eight pints of good ale. General Trochu, when he hears of the circumstance, will, no doubt, be extremely glad, in view of a close investment of Paris, that this *bouche inutile* "made tracks."

240 passengers arrived from Granville on Monday at Jersey, amongst whom there were a large number of ladies and children, and a large quantity of baggage. Amongst the passengers were M. Drouyn de Lhuys, M. de Broglie, &c. On Tuesday 120 passengers arrived from St. Malo with an immense quantity of baggage. Most of the passengers were in mourning.

On and after the 1st October next, post cards, bearing an impressed half-penny stamp, will be sold at all post-offices, at the rate of one halfpenny each. They will be available for transmission between places in the United Kingdom only. The front (or stamped) side is intended for the address only. There must be no other writing or printing on it, nor must there be any writing or printing across the stamp. On the reverse side, any communication, whether of the nature of a letter or otherwise, may be written or printed. Nothing may be attached to the card, nor may it be folded, cut, or otherwise altered. If any of these rules be infringed, the card will be charged with postage on delivery as an insufficiently paid letter.

The two changes in Paris street nomenclature which M. Arago thinks himself justified in definitively adopting, are Rue Quatre Septembre, instead of Rue Dix Decembre; and Avenue General Urich, instead of Avenue de l'Imperatrice.

Last night, in an omnibus, in which I was the only civilian, I fell into conversation with some good-natured, loutish, and excessively-communicative young fellows from the Marne. They volunteered to tell me that their *pays* was horribly devastated by the war, and that they thought the inhabitants would die of hunger

before the winter. I asked them if they were pleased with the Republic. "Oh! they were greatly pleased. Each was now going to fight for everybody, instead of for a family."

News has been received from Metz through the Upper-air Post-office. A balloon has been picked up near Fenestrange containing 100 letters. They reiterate the report that the garrison was provisioned for some time, and that the *morale* of the troops was excellent.

The women of Paris have formed committees in all parts of the city, and in an address just published they express their readiness to serve, when called upon, as nurses and with the ambulances; or even, like their sisters at Phalsburg, to meet the enemy sword in hand.

A naval engagement is expected to come off in Japanese waters between the Prussian corvette *Medusa* and the French corvette *Dupleix*. The challenge issued from the Prussian side.

M. Jules Favre says not only that the Government will do their best to protect English correspondents, but that he shall be glad if they will remain whilst the siege is going on, in order to give an impartial account of what takes place.

Considerable excitement exists in Barcelona in consequence of the prevalence of yellow fever. There have been 1,000 attacks, and from 300 to 400 deaths since its introduction, which is attributed to the Cuba steamer *Maria*.

It is said that General Trochu himself was absolutely laid hands on while making a round of inspection of the ramparts.

Baron Molke, a Danish nobleman, recently attached to the Danish Embassy at Paris, was assaulted at Grouville, last week, when about to embark for Jersey. His name having become known to the populace, they immediately concluded that he was a Prussian, and it was asserted that he was a relative of the general of that name. He was surrounded and seriously threatened, and, but for the interference of the authorities, would have been ill-treated. Foiled in this attempt, the mob endeavoured to prevent the shipment of the baron's horses, six in number, and it was only after some considerable trouble that the embarkation was effected.

A letter from Epemay, received in London on Tuesday, mentions the arrival of the Germans in that town. The behaviour of the troops was orderly and considerate. Their requisitions were—at Epemay, 200,000 francs (8,000l.), with rations (paid at two hours' notice); at Chalons, 600,000 francs (24,000l.); at Rheims, 3,000,000 francs (120,000l.), of which one million francs (40,000l.) was paid by the chief partner (who is himself a German) in the celebrated Rheims house of the "Widow Cliquot," the other two millions of francs being paid by the city.

At the moment of the capitulation of Sedan, it is said, a captain, a lieutenant of Zouaves, and a brave sergeant resolved that the flag which had been left in their keeping should not fall into the hands of the Prussians. So they took the emblem of France to pieces, one concealing the banner under his uniform, the other putting the balls into his pocket, and the third keeping the eagle. After the capitulation, it was agreed that all the relics should be confided to the care of the sergeant, who, being an Alsatian, could speak German. The brave sergeant then managed to escape from his captors, to don the guise of a peasant, and to obtain a basket, in which he placed the memorials of French glory. He then covered the precious relics with a mass of tobacco which he had got from the willing peasants; and, thus guarded against detection, he managed to pass through all the German lines, and to reach Paris. He is now a hero, and has been decorated by the Minister of War.

Official advices received at Berlin from the King's headquarters, report the arrival and reception of M. Jules Favre at Ferrières. The first point considered in the conversation between the French Foreign Minister and Count Bismarck was whether the Constitutional Assembly about to be elected could

be relied on to recognise any agreement made with M. Favre, on behalf of the Provisional Government, as binding on the State and nation. M. Jules Favre is understood to offer as terms of peace on the French side, complete indemnification for the costs of the war, demolition of the fortifications of Metz and Strasburg, and the surrender of a part of the fleet.

The strength of the Paris garrison is semi-officially stated to be as under:—

Regular Troops		80,000
Sailors and Marines		20,000
Douaniers and Gendarmes		20,000
Garde Nationale		138,000
Garde Mobile		180,000
Total		438,000

General Trochu's organisation is said to be perfect. The companies of *Franc-tireurs*, and other volunteers, composed of the most resolute men, adventurers, old soldiers, and hunters, who have carried arms and weapons all their life, are sent forward to the front, either in the very face of the enemy, or between the forts and the walls; they advance in every direction, harass the German out-posts, and retreat only when meeting too superior forces. These brave marksmen have only begun their exploits since the 15th. These troops form twelve movable divisions, and although posted on different sections of the military zone, they can easily be transported, at a moment's notice, to a spot more seriously attacked. Their movements are considerably helped and protected by the guns of the fortresses, and by several regiments of regular troops.

On the *Times* are still outpoured by the Parisians all the vials of rage and contempt, and if spitting on, or fist-shaking in the face, or kicking, could be done in time, that ill-advised journal has been mobbed and trampled on a hundred times. Otherwise, the supposed lack of British sympathy would have been too impalpable a thing for even a sensitive nation to lay hold of. But this feeling has taken palpable shape in a terrible and odious bogie, and the taunts and cold sneers of the great English journal are served up every day, with the sauce of bitter comment, and, with such epithets as "menteur," "poltron," inflaming the people to madness.

It is a melancholy fact that most of the journalists who used gratefully to accept invitations to the Tuileries and to Compiègne, and in their leading articles urged the nation to go to war, now that the enemy is at the gates of Paris sneak off to some safe corner in the provinces. M. Villermassant, the proprietor of the *Figaro*, and M. Emile de Girardin set the example of the stampede. Of all the staff of the principal evening paper only two are left. The editor told its proprietor a few days ago that he must leave Paris, as he was so demoralised that he had been sick after each meal for the last week. Yesterday's *Liberté* contains an announcement that its editor, M. Deturgat, "has reassumed his epaulettes of a naval lieutenant, and has received orders to leave Paris on an important mission." The Republican press, on the other hand, stands manfully to its guns; its editors and its writers, whatever may be thought of their opinions, have the merit of being no cowards. If they advise resistance to the utmost, they at least have the merit of being ready to take their share in the danger.

The following remarks on the war are from the pen of General Sheridan. "I have not time now to give you a detailed account of army affairs since I joined it. Suffice it to say that the French have been beaten in every engagement from Weissenburg up to the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan, and there seems to be little left except it be the siege of Paris, and that will not save France. It is possible that the French troops have not done so well as I think they might have done on one or two occasions which I witnessed, from the fact that the poor fellows found themselves so badly handled by their commanders that they could see no equivalent to be obtained by the sacrifice of their lives. All men like to have an equivalent for their labour, and especially is it so with the soldier, who wants success where many lives have to be sacrificed. The French generalship put this out of question in every battle which I have witnessed. Everybody here has been very kind to me."

The Grumbler.

HOW did the great meeting go off that was convened at Little Poormansworth? Why, it went off all together. The fact is, that it had been arranged by the Extreme Liberal party of our townsmen, that an address should be drawn up, and a deputation nominated who should present it to the Government, urging upon the latter that the moment had arrived when civilisation demanded, and Little Poormansworth desired, that England should interfere to stop the farther advance of German troops upon the City of Paris; but Tomkins, the leader of the Republican party, proprietor of the toy shop in High-street and of the *Little Poormansworth Gazette*, being unavoidably prevented from attending the meeting—having, in fact, to be in town for the purpose of arranging a rather stiff account with Messrs. Puppethelm & Toymachers, the German house in the Minorities that supply him with goods—there was no one at the meeting capable of filling his place as seconder of so important a movement; and so the address and nomination of the deputation were postponed *sine die*. And the only subject of importance that was brought before the meeting, was that of old Tacks, the ex-mayor, who moved that the new fire-escape that had so lately been purchased by subscription for the use and benefit of Little Poormansworth, be at once placed at the disposal of the City of Paris, together with the thirty yards of gutta percha tubing that had also been purchased in anticipation of fire-engines that the Town Council have in view to procure some time next year. Mr. Deputy Briggs rose at once to reply, and stigmatised the whole business as a wilful and nefarious attempt at jobbery. In the first place, he urged, what right had his friend, the ex-mayor, to deal with the property of the town. In the next place, he denied the right of a meeting, consisting of a self-elected body, to constitute themselves the governors or arbitrators of the destinies of Poormansworth; and lastly, of what earthly or possible use could the fire-escape be to the Parisians? (Cries of "Oh! oh!" and "What about the tubing?") Well, if the noisy gentleman, who was so vociferously interrupting, would only cease braying for one instant, he (Briggs) would tell him. (Sensation.) Let a sum be instantly collected for the purchase of miles of tubing of the same kind and material as that which they now possessed, and had so uselessly purchased, merely to permit one of the members of the Common Council—he would not state whom—to obtain the commission. ("Oh! oh!" and "Shame.") Well, let a small mouth-piece be affixed at each end of the new tube, and one being conveyed by balloon and allowed to fall into Paris, and the other to remain fixed in the great room over the Corn Exchange at Poormansworth; and then let a message be sent to ask what can Little Poormansworth do to express her great admiration of the courage of the French nation, and high appreciation of their loyalty and devotedness to themselves, and deep sympathy at the present position of Paris—what answer do you think you would receive from the French capital? Shall I tell you? (Loud cries of "Yes, yes.") "Well, then, the answer would be, 'The French nation—all France, in short—to Little Poormansworth; mind your own business. Signed without any consideration.'" Then the uproar became so great that old Tacks, who had acted as chairman, was compelled to put on his hat, and declaring that, owing to the impossibility of Jones, Smith, Brown, or Robinson being able to obtain an impartial, or, indeed, any kind of hearing, and after the outrageous language of his friend up to that moment—but for ever after wide as the poles asunder—he declared the meeting at an end, and left the room. And so the meeting broke up, and Little Poormansworth has remained in a state of indescribable excitement ever since. What do they say about the Emperor of the French at Little Poormansworth? Oh, for the moment he is clean forgotten, or, if remembered, only to be execrated and falsely regarded as the whole and sole cause of the disasters of the war, and of France. Yes, and what is of far greater importance, I fear it is very much the same throughout

the whole length and breadth of that great country that he for so many years ruled and governed to their greatness, and what was far more to their welfare. Yes, it would seem incredible, but, alas! 'tis only too true. That truly great and illustrious sovereign, who, to use his uncle's own words literally, "picked up his crown in the gutter," after having for eighteen years raised France to the very highest pinnacle of glory without and commercial greatness within—from confiding too far in the chivalric character of the nation he so long and so ably governed; believing that he had so softened her mouth that he could ride her as a steed, with a simple snaffle, and threw aside the curb, now retires into temporary obscurity, after having saved eighty thousand of her best warriors from the ills of a bloody war that he was urged into solely to pacify the ambition of a noisy, effete, and powerless party, who were ever braying after power they could and can never maintain. Without one single pecuniary advantage saved or seized for himself or family, most bitterly now may he chew the cud, when pondering upon the past—when his illusions allowed him to believe France could ever be great without a great guide and director. For the moment 'tis over—and a fearful penalty has to be paid; but, whatever the cost to the nation, one thing is clear—and that is, that Napoleon the Third stands absolved from all blame as being the real instigator or cause of the war. The Democrats now hold the cards, and, having played the knave, and holding the ace, fancy they must win the game. But, let them well remember 'tis not cards alone that are required—skill, also, must be theirs;—and who has France ever had that could so fairly, cleverly win the great game, as Louis Napoleon did under Republic and Empire—call the government, or, rather, form of it, what you may? France is a nation—and has ever proved herself so—to be great: yes, the greatest when well governed;—and when was she ever better so than under Napoleon the Third?—and there can be but few honest men in England who wish otherwise than to hear of his speedy restoration, with a secured peace, to France.

"For forms of government let fools contest;
 'Whate'er is best administered, is best;
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity:
 All must be false that thwart this one great end,
 And all of God that bless mankind or mend."

It is to be feared that the proprietors of lodging-houses are making a rich harvest out of the distress which has driven so many French refugees to this metropolis. As a general rule it is far more comfortable to be cast on the shore of a desert island than on that of a civilised country, for although in England there are no wild beasts to devour the body, there are plenty to devour the substance upon which the body is dependent. But we are not so deficient in charity as in organisation. There are many benevolent people in this country who would give money to relieve cases of individual distress, if brought under their notice, but few who would give their time and lend their brains with the view of devising some means of lightening the sorrows of our helpless and unexpected guests. Yet much good might be effected with very little trouble and expense. There might with advantage be an office established in some central spot, the locality of which should be conspicuously displayed at the place of landing; and at this office every information might be given to distressed foreigners on their arrival, which would be of use to them, and prevent them falling into the hands of the designing harpies lying in wait to extract from them their last franc; a registry might be kept at such an establishment of lodgings and houses to let, and only those should be registered for which the hire asked was justified by the accommodation offered. In cases of real destitution pecuniary assistance might be given to satisfy immediate requirements, and a register might be kept of those who were capable of earning a living by employment in some of those capacities in which the French are pre-eminently useful. There are many in this country who would gladly avail themselves of the services of French cooks and nurses, if they knew where to find them, and such competition would be of real service to some of our own British domestics who are as ignorant of their duties as they are "independent" in the performance of them. By thus acting kindly towards our neighbours in this hour of their trial, we should help to show them that our neutrality does not extend to the battle with misery and starvation which too many of them are fighting at the present moment.

The Breton Mobiles and all from the Western departments, are very highly thought of. For instance, the Breton Mobiles, when first called out, instead of grumbling as the Parisians did at the reglementary four hours' daily drill, petitioned for eight hours daily, and are at this present moment continuing the same; consequently they are in the most perfect state of drill, and regular troops who were watching them confessed they could not have done better themselves—a great deal for a French trouper to confess, especially when said of a Mobile. They are so delighted with their guns, too; where the Moblot is, there is his gun. They may have dirty boots, &c., but all day long they are rubbing their guns with their blouses, coats, handkerchiefs, &c. In short, the gun is their pet child. These men are all armed with Chassepots, and in less than a week all will be armed with the same gun. These country fellows may touch their hats when a priest passes them, and be consequently mocked at by Parisians, but they will fight none the worse for believing in a God and having a conscience, and the Parisians are obliged to think so, and respect them accordingly. Good, orderly fellows they are, walking by twos or threes, and gazing in wonder at Paris, and are all housed and quiet by nine p.m. Paris never was quieter or more orderly than it is at this moment, although filled with such masses of soldiery as were never seen before. The men of all arms in Paris at present are reckoned at 430,000 men, of whom 250,000 are men fit and ready to take the field. All these facts make Frenchmen very confident, but with a quiet and calm unusual to their characters.

Writing of the Church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*, a Paris correspondent says:—All day long, from morning till night the open space in front is crowded with carriages: all day long, and all night long, the stream of people is pouring in and pouring out. Inside it is a huge antique interior, with enormous oil-paintings hung round. But the altar and all about the altar is ablaze with votive candles. And here are praying—oh, how earnestly!—the mothers and sisters of Paris. Nothing more touching can be imagined. That pale small face, of the regular French lady type, the black silk, the shawl wrapped round, eyes uplifted, hands clasped, all turned to that image of Our Lady of Victories, the patroness to whom so many a soldier has put up his prayers. Here, too, unusual sight, is many a Frenchman, and stranger still many a French officer. They have sons, perhaps, in Metz. Every inch of the walls of the church is incrustured with small marble tablets, literally in thousands, each with an inscription of acknowledgment for some prayer heard or favour received. There is something very pathetic in the warmth of gratitude in nearly all these little offerings, which mostly relate to war. "For my husband, preserved to me during the Crimean war." Every hour of the day it is the same: the silent quick entry, the flinging oneself down on one's knees, the earnest agonised entreaty of a few minutes, the quiet withdrawal. What Covenanters, however stern, shall venture to sneer at such a scene? And yet some of our English brethren do!

Strasbourg is still holding out. The greater part of the fortifications is a mass of ruins. It is said that the place could now be taken by storm at a risk of losing 2,000 men in the operation. Nitroglycerine projectiles to be thrown into the powder magazines from balloons are in preparation. The following brief description of the Cathedral will be read with interest at the present time:—The nave is a glorious example of the earlier portion of the fourteenth century or end of the thirteenth; it is, in fact, one of the noblest Gothic naves in existence, of grand dimensions, nearly 50 ft. in the clear, and over 100 ft. high. The clerestory is pierced by superb four-light windows, filled with magnificent stained glass coeval with the building. Below these is a triforium consisting of four two-light openings, with glazed windows at the back also filled with stained glass. The main arches supporting the triforium and clerestory are of noble proportions, richly moulded, and supported upon clustered columns of great beauty. The aisles are also lighted by four-light windows, also full of stained glass, as, in fact, is every window in the building. Opening out of the aisles are two very large Third Pointed Chapels. The church contains some fine furniture; a stone pulpit, of most complicated design and elaborate execution, in a fine state of preservation, and adorned with much delicate and beautiful sculpture. A font of equal beauty, both in design and execution, stands in the north transept beneath a deep Romanesque arch. The organ is also a very valuable example of ecclesiastical furniture. It is bracketed out from the third arch of the nave from the west end, and is a good example of flamboyant woodwork, richly decorated with colour. We must also notice the well-known remarkable clock, standing in the south transept. The report that the organ and clock here described have been destroyed seems unlikely from their position in the church. That they may have been injured is possible, but we hope to find out that the news is entirely devoid of foundation. Not only is the architecture magnificent, but the colour is equally superb. Every window glows with the richest stained glass, and the walls are built of a dark crimson stone, which has received a magnificent tint from time.

The Man in the Stalls.

RICHLY mounted and gorgeously costumed, Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* was produced at the Queen's Theatre on Saturday evening, with a completeness of detail that has not been bestowed on the fanciful work of our great poet since the celebrated revival at the Princess's Theatre, under the Kean management. The cast of characters is not all that could be wished in every respect, but the piece runs smoothly, if a little slowly, to the end, and the audience testified to their approval of the performance by loud and continuous applause. The chief feature of the revival was the *début* of Mr. Phelps in the character of Bottom the Weaver, a part which he sustained with all that force of action and originality of treatment, which drew general attention to his impersonation at Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1853. If there be one fault to find in Mr. Phelps' clever and difficult study, it is in the over-elaboration of the part, which renders somewhat tame, by contrast, the main action of the piece; but the courtship of Titania, and the utter bewilderment of the weaver, when day-break brings him to his former self, are specimens of Mr. Phelps' highest powers that no lover of Shakspearian comedy should miss seeing on more. Mr. Ryder sustained, with becoming dignity, the part of Theseus, Duke of Athens; Mr. Henry Marston was good as Egeus, and Mr. Frank Matthews was an admirable Quince, the carpenter. Of the ladies, it may be said that Miss Henderson and Miss Tilly Wright carried away the honours, the former making a graceful and effective Helena, and the latter doing full justice to the part of the mischievous Robin Goodfellow. The scenery was excellent, and the woods and glades, seen by a misty moonlight, with an army of dusky elves and fairies flitting to and fro, had a weird and picturesque effect that was particularly striking, and was far more in harmony with the story than any *Midsummer Night's Dream* that it has been our lot to witness. There was more poetry and less lime-light than usual, and the result was a success upon which all connected with the arrangement may be congratulated.

After a short recess, the Prince of Wales's was re-opened on Saturday with Mr. Robertson's comedy of *M.P.*, which doubtless has still a long career of prosperity before it. The cast was identical with the first representation of the piece, and, therefore, left nothing to be desired in either actors or actresses. *M.P.* was preceded by a new comedieta, by F. Waller, called *Queen Stork*, which contains some very severe strictures on the married state, and shows how a young man can be completely bored in six months by the affection of an innocent and pretty wife. The result is somewhat painful, and though the moral is unexceptionable and the bored Benedict is brought to his senses by the fact that an "old flame," for whom he has had a lingering attachment, has suddenly eloped with a new lover, the character of the hero does not appear to shine forth very brilliantly at the fall of the curtain. The comedieta, however, is amusing and well written; Miss Carlotta Addison and Mr. Coghlan are excellent as the young couple, and Mr. Montgomery makes a good specimen of a bachelor friend.

A second comedieta, by J. P. Wooller, entitled *Locked In*, concluded the performance. The plot turned on a wager that a Mr. Frank Ringwood, a bashful suitor, shall propose to the lady whom he loves before the day is over, and he is locked in with her in consequence by his well-meaning friends. The proposal is made and accepted, but the lovers, annoyed at the *ruse*, contrive to lock in and arouse the jealousy of the husband and wife with whom the wager has been laid, and then coming afterwards to see them through the first-floor window, are, by a slip of the ladder, by means of which they have effected an entrance, locked in once more, and compelled to pelt the greenhouse windows, in order to attract attention to their incarceration. Both of these dramatic trifles were perfectly successful.

Mr. Edmund Falconer, who has been in the United States for some time past, has returned to London, and once more assumed the threefold character of manager, author, and actor, at the Lyceum. A new Irish drama, entitled *Innisfallen*;

or, *the Men in the Gap*, which constituted the chief feature of the opening performances on Saturday evening, is of the class of the author's *Peep o' Day*, produced some years ago on the same stage, and it is provided with a great scene of picturesque effects and exciting incidents fully equalling the famous quarry scene, which contributed so much to the amazing popularity of that drama. In other respects, however, its merits are certainly inferior: it has the cardinal fault of being crowded with characters, whose talk has only now and then any definite purpose, while, owing chiefly to the fact that the minor personages are endowed with a prominence out of proportion to the story of the piece, the spectator's attention is distracted, and his interest in the fortunes of the hero and the heroine almost entirely overwhelmed. Mr. Falconer's characters sing a great deal, and recite poetry with a perseverance which fairly wore out the patience of listeners, who had greeted the author's first appearance with a hearty welcome. One gentleman, indeed, who seems to have a thoroughly Irish faculty for mistaking a storm of disapprobation for an enthusiastic encore, not only went steadily through a very long ditty, but sang it over again with an imperturbability only to be compared with that of the sturdy orator who persists in supporting an unpopular amendment at a public meeting. These defects, and above all the terrible prolixity of the last act, weighed heavily on the spirits of a good-natured audience. The drama, which was in three acts, occupied in representation fully three hours and a-half, during which time, if tokens of positive dissatisfaction were comparatively rare, a certain coldness in the reception was still more ominous. Too well bred to damn, a modern audience is apt to show its weariness by a buzz of conversation, or by unseasonable laughter at some unlucky sarcasm from a wit in the gallery. The curtain finally descended with some tokens of applause, after which Mr. Falconer announced the piece for repetition; but *Innisfallen* will require considerable modifications to render it an acting play. The songs and recitations must be brought within reasonable limits; the dialogue unsparingly cut down; and the ladies of the drama exhorted to indulge less in those passionate embraces, the frequent repetition of which was productive of so much untimely mirth among the audience. By these means it is quite possible for *Innisfallen* to make a success, for it has some strong dramatic situations, and is supported by some very beautiful scenery, over and above the great terror scene to which we have referred. Mr. Falconer himself performed the part of the hero with unexceptionable brio, while Miss Ernestine, as the heroine, would certainly have been more successful in enlisting the sympathies of the audience if her share in the dialogue had been less diffuse. The same remark applies to Miss Patti Josephs, Mr. John Nelson, Mr. Emery, and Mr. Charles Harcourt, who also perform characters in the drama.

Sadler's Wells theatre was opened on Saturday night under new management, and apparently with a design to revive the old reputation of the house as the home for the legitimate drama. At a time when it was fashionable to say that Shakespeare and Massinger were too slow for our modern English audiences, and that nothing would go down with the playgoers of the present day but spectacle and sensational melodramas, or outrageous burlesques and farces, Mr. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, showed by the crowded houses that came nightly to his representations that our great dramatists needed only to be well put on the stage, and worthily acted, in order to show that their influence on the national heart was as powerful as ever. The new lessee, Mr. Robert Edgar, and the new manager, Mr. Pennington, appear determined to revive the old glories of the house; and, by doing justice to the fathers of the English stage, to bring them once more into reputation. And if we are to judge of the success of an undertaking by a first performance, we should augur very favourably of it. The house was crowded, and the hushed or rapt attention of the audience in the solemn and critical scenes was all that could be desired. After an amusing farce, called *The Mistress of the Mill*, in which Mr. W. Holford (the Marquis de Frettingal) and Miss Grace Edgar (Mistress of the Mill) caused much mirth, the curtain drew up on *Hamlet*. The part of the

youthful prince was taken by Mr. Pennington, and his performance showed a careful and thorough study of the character, as well as an aptitude for the part, which produced a strong impression on the audience. The part of Ophelia was taken by Mrs. E. L. Warner, and was delivered with that naturalness, grace, and naïveté which constitutes the great charm of the character. Mr. Evans played the part of Polonius with all the feebleness of tone and querulousness of manner which is so natural to an old man; and Mr. G. H. Brooke did full justice to the hot-headed and fiery-tempered Laertes. The whole piece, in fact, was well cast, and is likely to be a favourite at the theatre.

The Metropolitan School Choral Society met on Saturday last in the Crystal Palace, and gave an interesting performance of vocal music, under the direction of their chief, Mr. John Hullah. The performers consisted of school children and their teachers, who, to the number of five thousand, assembled on the Handel Orchestra, and exhibited their skill in the rendering of some of the most esteemed compositions written for voices without orchestral accompaniments.

The influence which Mr. John Hullah and his teachings have exercised throughout the length and breadth of the land, in all schools and seminaries where vocal music is taught as an elementary part of education, is too well known and appreciated to require even allusion, were it not that the results of his labours are now showing themselves in a new phase—in the desire to realise by other methods results similar to those he has so successfully elicited. The warmest supporters of the part-singing movement in our schools seem at present divided between the advisability of retaining the present system of musical notation, as used by Mr. John Hullah and musicians throughout Europe, or of adopting that advocated by the Rev. John Curwen and the Tonic Sol Fa Association. So the general public, the supporters of both systems, appeal through the monster performances which they give in the Crystal Palace. Thus, only a short time ago, the Tonic Sol Fa Association assembled in large numbers on the same orchestra as on Saturday Mr. John Hullah marshalled his cohorts. Judging by the efficiency which the performers on both occasions exhibited, both systems seem to yield equal results; but it is not by such displays that the relative value of the two methods can be arrived at. The subject is one well worthy the attention of the musical committee appointed for the international art meeting of next year, and good service would be rendered to the cause of "music made easy," if some authoritative opinion were to be expressed which would guide the managers of schools in their adoption of a definite system of musical instruction, so that one universal mode should prevail. The selection of music Mr. Hullah put forth on Saturday, in order to display the efficiency of his vocalists, consisted of some sacred as well as secular pieces. Among the former were:—"Ye boundless realms of joy," by Croft; an anthem by Scott, "Praise ye the Lord, O Jerusalem," sung first as a semi-chorus, and afterwards in full chorus; a hymn, by Mr. John Hullah, entitled "All things bright and beautiful," which was so admirably rendered as to elicit an encore; "The Nineteenth Psalm," "The Heavens declare the glory of God," with music, by Robinson; Rossini's *Pregiera*, from *Mose in Egitto*, set to the words, "To Thee, great Lord, over all." Handel's duet, "O, lovely peace," and the same composer's solo and chorus, "Sing unto God, and high affections raise." All these were finely sung, and received with considerable applause.

The second part of the performance contained works of less importance, but of equal popularity. Some national airs were sung. Chief among these was the Irish melody, "The minstrel boy to the war is gone," accredited in the programme to the composer Balfe; and "Auld Lang Syne," attributed with equal absurdity to E. Land. The delightful glee by Calcott, "Mark the merry elves of fairy land," was one of the best pieces contributed, and seemed to be fully appreciated by the audience. The performance concluded with the National Anthem, arranged by Mr. John Hullah, who was warmly received on entering the orchestra by his many-voiced choir, and by the usual large concourse of visitors, to whom these vocal displays form a pleasing attraction.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Eeg.—We decline to be put under such a yoke. You want a spoon to deal with you.

W. FOREST.—Cool is only, under certain conditions, contraband of war. Your scuttle, under any circumstances, is safe. Coke upon Littenlon, or any other grate authority, will confirm this view.

J. H. P.—A page of Adam Smith, on an empty stomach, will cure indigestion. So will Page Woodcock, or an ounce of prussic acid, warm, with three lumps of sugar.

FORTUNATUS.—You cannot want our advice. Yet, if you want a really good investment, almost any foreign mine at a discount will do for you.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

DRURY LANE.—A Domestic Hercules—Amy Robsart—Phobus's Fix. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Innisfallen—It Must be True, 'twas in the Papers. Seven. PRINCESS.—Wanted, a Thousand Milliners—The Rapparee—The Happy Man. Seven.

GAITEY.—Ballet.—Beggars' Opera—Bluebird. Seven. OLYMPIC.—Poppet's Predicaments—Handsome Is that Handsome Does—Undine. Seven.

STRAUD.—A Day after the Wedding—A School for Coquettes—The Idle Prentice—The Shops of the Chancel. Seven.

ROYALTY.—Our Nelly—Julius Cæsar—Deaf as a Post. NEW QUEEN'S.—Aunt Charlotte's Maid—A Midsummer Night's Dream. Seven.

VAUDEVILLE.—Chiselling—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

FROM duty no less than inclination we have always, since the commencement of the present lamentable war, endeavoured to preserve with the pen the neutrality enjoined, more specifically, but hardly more necessarily, in the sword. Germany's triumphs have been no cause of exultation to us, nor—were even our clever and caustic friend, the "Grumbler," less watchful in the cause of his allies—could the humiliation of France be anything to us but a subject of sorrow. It is, therefore, with the regret and indignation of impartial spectators that we have seen the gross personal abuse levelled at the EMPEROR of the FRENCH since the calamity which has driven him into exile. It is proverbially ungenerous and un-English to "hit a man when he is down," but that seems to have been taken as the ungenerous motto, not only of a large section of the French press, but of, we are sorry to say, a considerable portion of our own. A few short months since nothing too strong could be written in praise of the intelligence, the friendliness, the far-seeing wisdom, the desire for the benefits of his country in particular, and humanity in general of our "august ally." Now, after being abused and calumniated, he is dismissed with the sneer that he has laid by an enormous fortune, accumulated at the expense of despoiled France, and that pity or compassion are altogether misplaced. We do not ourselves hold that the possession of wealth is the salve for all earthly misery; but we have derived considerable satisfaction from the publication of a letter from the private secretary to the EMPEROR denying the last calumny against him. The letter is manly and dignified. M. PIETRI alludes to the violent attacks and calumnies of all kinds to which the EMPEROR has been subject since the occurrence of the sad events in France. The EMPEROR cannot himself condescend to answer these attacks; but, as a like silence is not imposed upon those around him, the writer has felt himself constrained to answer some of the calumnies. One of the most odious has appeared in an English journal, "which has not hesitated to count among the causes of the war an embarrassment of the civil list, and the necessity resulting from it of borrowing yearly fifty millions from the budget of the Minister of War—loans all traces of which were made to disappear by merging them in the expenses of a great war." M. PIETRI energetically and truly says that the writer of this assertion betrays the most utter ignorance of the manner in which the finances of France were regulated in propounding even

the possibility of such malversation of funds. M. PIETRI then, in answer to this and similar assertions, denies absolutely that the EMPEROR has one centime invested in foreign funds. And so dies this calumny as the calumnies before it have died. The reported cowardice of the EMPEROR at Sedan was energetically confuted by the statements of the truth-loving Germans themselves; and the same authorities now deny that the EMPEROR, any more than the French people, is responsible for the war. We do hope that after this his quondam friends in the English press will give a little peace to fallen majesty.

Besides the discarded *mouchards* and their connections, London is at present entertaining a considerable number of decent French shopkeepers and their families, who may be seen hunting for lodgings through the town with wonderful industry. They complain bitterly of the high prices for respectable accommodation. They are startled at discovering the metropolitan landlady's notions on the subject of decoration and furniture, and the rent she assesses on her capabilities for receiving tenants. In many cases we have been told the French people inquire whether the amount charged for rent does not include board. They are evidently under the impression that they can lodge cheaper here than in Paris, and are both surprised and disappointed to find that the contrary is the case. What their feelings may be when duly housed and introduced for the first time to a lodging-house steak or mutton chop we shall not conjecture; but probably they may avoid the monotonous horrors of these national dishes by eating at the restaurants, which have now extended beyond the Leicester-square region. Another class of persons who have arrived are rich Imperialists, who are able to avail themselves of the resources of our large hotels. Already Kensington-gardens are additionally ornamented by troops of pretty Parisian children, with costumes of the most effective kind. The Roman Catholic churches have received a large increase to their congregations in the shape of ladies, young and old, who have thought it well to leave the theatre of war. Many of these are dressed in deep mourning, and do not seem reconciled in any way to the misfortunes that have befallen their country. With the men it appears to us to be otherwise. Our music-halls—notably one gigantic concern—are crammed with French visitors. The programmes have been specially revised for their delectation, or, if they have not, the changes are curiously in keeping with tastes that were more prevalent in Paris than in London. The ballets are produced with emphatic splendour and indecency. The Can-can has been revived, and is brought out and rendered by performers who go as close to the wind of intolerable licence as many of the volunteer exhibitors at the *Closierie des Lilas* used to do. OFFENBACH, of course, we had in stock; but there is a resuscitation of OFFENBACH in his old as well as in his new form. Our French guests have admirable opportunities, indeed, for observing how sincerely we have flattered them by honoring to their most national dances the homage of adoption. We may, however, express a regret that they are not enabled to make their comparisons in happier or more appropriate seasons. It is not agreeable, though we know that the bow cannot always be bent, and that a Parisian cast upon London, with time on his hands which he cannot dispose of, must seek for amusement; it is not agreeable, we may remark, to find our self-exiled neighbours rushing so enthusiastically to our music-halls, while their brethren are waiting for the enemy on the ramparts and deploring the sad disasters that have crushed the heart and the spirit of France. To return to more practical matters, we trust our lodging-house keepers will deal

gently with their unexpected customers. Already the effect of the high rents has been to send large batches of French people to the sea-side, where we do not imagine they will be, economically speaking, much better off; to Belgium, where they certainly will be; and a small contingent to Ireland, where they will find living comparatively cheap. We hope, wherever the Parisians and provincial French people go, they will be received with courtesy and good nature, and without that stupid impatience with which our vulgar classes are accustomed to speak of foreigners. Our new visitors do not require our compassion. They are not for the most part indigent or impoverished. But they are in the habit of giving and taking certain ordinary compliments and amenities which cost nothing, and on that account we suppose are held rather cheap in England. Our guests ought to be met as neighbours and allies who are in distress and suffering from misfortunes, for which it would be the worst possible taste to display an obtrusive pity. It is easy to show a sincere and polite concern for their mishaps without exhibiting an eagerness or a partisanship that might be socially compromising, mistaken, or offensive.

THE FLEA.

(FROM FAUST.)

THERE was once on a time a King, sir,

Who had an enormous Flea,

Dearer to him than the thing, sir,

No flesh and blood could be.

"Let the tailor attend my pleasure."

The tailor came up in a trice:

"You'll take this young gentleman's measure,
Full fig and regardless of price."

The envy of every beholder,

In velvet and silk he was drest;

Had ribbons all over his shoulder,

And crosses all over his breast.

And got the Prime Minister's place, sir,

And sported the garter, too,

And took care of the rest of his race, sir,

As Prime Ministers usually do.

The courtiers in a batch, sir,

Broke out in unseemly lumps;

The ladies were fain to scratch, sir,

The Queen was all over bumps.

Yet nobody dared attack them,

And they led them a pretty dance,

We catch them though, and crack them,

Whenever we get a chance.

The Turf.

THE settlement on Monday, though the heaviest since the Derby, was comparatively easy, the free interchange of *friendly notes* having been pretty evenly divided between layers and backers. Mr. Morgan scarcely netted £10,000, inclusive of the stakes, of which Mr. Heene, who sold the horse under Lord Exeter's conditions, became entitled to one-third. Late in the day succeeded some speculation on the October handicaps. Wheatear, on the strength of her St. Leger performance, was backed to win a large stake down to the short odds of 10 to 1. Tabernacle received strong support for both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Hawthornden, on the other hand, as I anticipated in my last, receded step by step from the spasmodic favouritism accorded him at Doncaster. Tabouret came into frequent mention for the longer race, so that at the end he must have been supported to win £10,000, though a final bid of 20 to 1 was laid, and on Wednesday he further receded to 25 to 1. Mars, the French bred horse, by Optimist, and Make Haste, found ready supporters at 20 to 1; while the other Flyfield candidate, Musket, had several friends at a few points more. Mr. Brayley took 5,000 to 50 each about Arlington, Nero, and Duke of Beaufort, besides investing upon the lot;

but the public, notwithstanding, preferred Recorder, about whom 1,000 to 30 was readily accepted. Adonis, the feather-weighted refugee, was backed to win some £15,000. Sister to Chérie found supporters at 5,000 to 75; and the heavily-taxed Spy had friends at 500 to 50.

The wagering on the Cambridgeshire was more limited; and the only bets worth recording were those about Podesta, who was supported at 16 to 1 to win about £4,000; Tabernacle being backed to win nearly £15,000 in all. Fanfare, Albany, and a few others, were invested on for smaller sums at 30 to 1.

Whatever may be said in disparage of the Cesarewitch Handicap, it is difficult to reconcile its defects with the facts before us. Forty-one public stables, besides all the private establishments, are represented; and no less than two aged horses, one 6-year old, ten 5-year olds, and twenty-three 4-year olds, have thrown down the gauntlet to upwards of fifty juveniles. Eight horses have accepted above 8st, and the undaunted Paganini does battle with 9st 9lb.

Speculation promises to be unusually extensive, and selection from such a large number of well-tried horses in antagonism with several lightly-weighted three-year-olds, with great private expectations, is not an easy task. I will endeavour, however, to disencumber the subject of irrelevant material, and by a tabular reduction narrow the pretensions of the several candidates to a numerical minimum.

Great as the merits of Paganini doubtless are, it cannot be expected he can win this handicap with 9st 9lb, though his wonderful gameness and stamina will enable him to beat more than will beat him. Nor, having every regard to the four-year-old performance of the Spy, can I award him the Cesarewitch of 1870 with 8st 9lb. Capitaliste, by the form she showed at Goodwood, can only have a very remote chance even of a place here. Ethus, Wheatear, Courts, and Sister to Chérie have cried content for Mat Dawson; and it does not require prophetic vision to see that Wheatear, 7st 5lb—the third in the Leger—is the pick of this lot. In spite of the market, however, I am bound to say that I do not see how she is to give nearly 2st to well-bred three-year-olds, and two years and 9lbs to a horse like Make Haste. Heather Bell, with 7lbs extra, raising her weight to 8st 9lb, will certainly not do battle for Alec. Taylor, who has, in addition, a most formidable band, comprising Musket, 7st 7lb; Make Haste, 5 yrs, 6st 10lb; Annie Wood, 6st 4lb; Threatener, 4 yrs, 6st 3lb; Adelaide, 4 yrs, 6st 1lb; Stock-purse, 5st 10lb. Of these I have no hesitation in selecting Make Haste, the winner of the Cesarewitch Trial on this course as a three-year-old. Indeed, he appears to me the pick of the Handicap, for the highly-favoured Tabouret cannot give him 9lbs over the 18 furlongs. John Dawson has accepted with Typhæus, who, if the course were 7 furlongs, would have a very taking appearance with 8st 2lb. His defeat of Sarrazin over the Ditch In is a performance of no merit, and I cannot award him my confidence over the Cesarewitch course. Mr. Brayley has accepted with Duke of Beaufort, 8st; Arlington, 7st 8lb; Recorder, 6st 9lb; and Hero, 6st 7lb. It is doubtful what are his intentions, as he has backed them separately and together. Doubtless the performance of Recorder in the St. Leger, where he finished fourth, would entitle him to our confidence with 6st 9lb; but there is no other performance in his whole career which corroborates this form, and there is a strong suspicion that this was of the nature of a fluke, or that he obtained the position by suzerainty. Nero cannot be classed enough for this race; and the Duke of Beaufort will probably be reserved for the Cambridgeshire, on which course, at the last back end, I will remember how he fairly ran away from Assineboine, Attonement, and Brambridge, giving the first 2 yrs and 10lbs, the second 22lbs, and Brambridge 8lbs. It may be that Arlington will do battle for the stable; and I have a vivid recollection of his performance in the Lewes Handicap, when, at 10 to 1, he made mincemeat of the favourite, Robespierre, who was heavily backed by Bloss's confederacy. I cannot think, however, that Arlington, with 7st 8lb, is good enough to win the Cesarewitch, nor can I find the winner in Mr. Brayley's lot.

Martyrdom, 7st 10lb; Bonny Swell, 6st 11lb;

and Guy Dayrell, 6st 11lb, represent Captain Machell's party. If the first mentioned were in his three-year-old form when he ran second to Pero Gomez for the St. Leger of 1869, I should not desire a better candidate; but he has been so long on the shelf, that we must fall back upon the other pair, of whom Bonny Swell—fifth in the late St. Leger—will probably represent the stable. I am disposed to estimate his chance as superior to that of Recorder, who was before him; but I do not think either good enough at the weights for a race of this character.

Joe Dawson has accepted with Hawthornden, 7st 12lb; Lady Masham, 7st 9lb; Cardinal York, 7st 8lb; Normanby, 6st 13lb; and Far Away, 6st 12lb. Among these I also fail to find the winning candidate; and notwithstanding the support awarded to Hawthornden, must pass by his chance for a more favourably-weighted animal. Oxonian, 7st 8lb; Pax, 7st 5lb; Blandford, 7st 5lb; and the filly by Colsterdale, 6st 2lb, represent Woodvates; and the chance seems very remote that Wm. Day will accomplish a Mary Ann coup with any of this string. Pax, who was first favourite for a long time before the weights appeared, has a great private reputation, but can have no formidable chance here with 7st 5lb. Falkland, by Voltigeur, is a good stager and an honest horse, and though no colours would be more popular than Lord Zetland's spots, he will have to succumb to Wheatear at 2lb, and many another three-year old among the light weights. Mars, by Optimist, and Adonis, by Grimston, out of Legerdamein, have both a taking appearance, but I cannot hesitate to prefer the latter at a difference of 20lb. Throughout the whole range of the Handicap, I do not find a three-year old candidate with such recommendations as Adonis, with 5st 10lb. With his great private reputation, the heavy sums for which he has been already backed, and the traditional prestige of his dam, I consider his chance superior to that of any three-year old under notice. Myosotis and Torreador will not get the distance in time for the Judge. Tabernacle, Rattlepace, and Ashfield, represent W. Goater. Of these Tabernacle has the best chance, but the Cambridgeshire will suit him better, and I shall have something to say of him when the time arrives. Dangerous Dawson accepts with Tabouret, 7st 5lb; Kingsland, 6st 12lb; Sweet Sound, 6st 11lb; Stanley, 6st 10lb; Exciseman, 6st 7lb; and the Harebell filly, 5st 7lb. I approach this division with some diffidence. Both Exciseman and Sweet Sound have an undoubted chance at the weights, but Tabouret appears with very high credentials; and the winner of the Goodwood Stakes as a three-year old, with 6st, when he defeated such horses as the Spy with 6st 3lb; Our Mary Ann, the Chester Cup winner, with 5st 7lb; Gomera, with 8st 6lb; and Tynedale, at 8st 7lb; must be considered most favourably treated with 7st 5lb. The money for which he has been backed, however, does not appear to have emanated from the stable, as on Monday at Tattersall's he finally left off at 20 to 1, and has since receded to 25 to 1, layers. In Wadlow's lot I do not find a candidate with any pretension for a race of this importance; and the same may be said of Blanton's, Bates's, and the private division. Reducing the pretensions of the several candidates to a numerical minimum, as under:—

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.	
st. lb.	
Hawthornden.....	7 12
Mahonia.....	7 7
Musket.....	7 7
Pax.....	7 5
Adonis.....	7 5
Falkland.....	7 5
Sweet Sound.....	6 11
Bonny Swell.....	6 11
Recorder.....	6 9
Mont Blanc.....	6 2
Rattlepace.....	6 1
Wheatear.....	6 0
Adonis.....	5 10
Sister to Chérie.....	5 10
F by Stockwell.....	5 7
FOUR-YEAR-OLDS.	
st. lb.	
Martyrdom.....	7 10
Arlington.....	7 8
Rydworth.....	7 7
Wild Flower.....	6 10
Dairymaid.....	5 10
Threatener.....	6 3

FIVE-YEAR-OLDS.	
st. lb.	
Fervacques.....	8 2
Typhæus.....	8 2
Blueskin.....	7 12
Tabouret.....	7 5
Make Haste.....	6 10

Make Haste.

It will be seen that I greatly prefer the chances of ADONIS, MARTYRDOM, and MAKE HASTE, believing that their most dangerous rivals will be found to be Tabouret (or whichever other candidate Tom Dawson relies on), Bonny Swell, and Mr. Brayley's elect.

For the forthcoming Newmarket Meeting I prophecy the following results. The twenty-first Triennial Produce Stakes, on Tuesday, over the D. I., will be won by TOISON D'OR or DUKE OF BEAUFORT. The Buckenham Stakes by whichever Mr. Savile sends to the post—probably CÆMENERBERT. GAMOS, who escapes all the penalties, will win the Grand Duke Michael Stakes; and the Hopeful will fall to Lord Anglesey by the aid of BALVENIE, though he will have to gallop should the Marquis of Steyne enter the lists. In view of the chief Handicaps of the season, for which the best horses will be reserved, it would be futile to express any opinion upon the Great Eastern or the Newmarket October Handicaps this week. I must, therefore, leave them to post investors. The twenty-second Triennial will fall to KINGCRAFT, who escapes a penalty for his Derby success. I should give him my sole confidence also for the St. Leger Stakes, with his 7lb penalty, if I could ensure a run; but as it is probable Lord Falmouth would not overtax his horse for both events, I shall pin my faith to LA PERICHOLE. The Granby Stakes will be won by Baron Rothschild and CORISANDE.

The Rutland Stakes, on Thursday, is a good thing for ORTOLAN; and the twenty-third Biennial Produce, over the T.Y.C., will be won by Mr. Merry's Brother to Sunlight—the SUNFLOWER COLT. A Sweepstakes of 30 sovs., over the last half-mile of the Beacon Course, is likely to be carried off by the PENGUIN.

FORECAST.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.	
The GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 5 ft., with 100 added; winners of a handicap value 200 sovs after Sept. 19, at 10 a.m., 7lb; of any other handicap, 3lb extra; second to receive 25 sovs. T.Y.C. (5 fur. 140 yards). 98 subs.	
Yrs. st. lb.	Yrs. st. lb.
Perfume.....	4 9 7
Thiborpe.....	6 9 7
Plaudit.....	6 9 0
Cerdagne.....	4 8 13
Heather Bell.....	4 8 13
Oxonian.....	4 8 13
Bonnet.....	3 8 11
Fichu.....	4 8 10
Ethus.....	4 8 9
Rupert.....	4 8 8
Hawthornden.....	3 8 7
Normanby.....	3 8 6
Miss Dayrell.....	4 8 6
Lada.....	4 8 5
Barrier.....	3 8 4
Tabernacle.....	3 8 4
Rossignol.....	3 8 4
Frivoly.....	3 8 4
Gertrude.....	3 8 3
Pericles.....	6 8 2
Cymbal.....	3 8 2
Salliet.....	4 8 1
Moslem.....	5 8 0
Lictor.....	5 8 0
Michael de Basco.....	5 8 0
Soucar.....	5 8 0
Stephanos.....	3 7 13
Queen of Hearts.....	3 7 13
Pembulator.....	3 7 13
Gourbi.....	4 7 13
Green Riband.....	3 7 13
Temple.....	3 7 12
Capsule.....	3 7 12
Thunderstorm.....	3 7 10
Albrook.....	4 7 10
La Rose.....	4 7 10
Fugitive.....	4 7 9
Roma.....	3 7 9
Vex.....	5 7 8
Badworth.....	4 7 8
Birthday.....	4 7 8
Barford.....	3 7 7
Neuchâtel.....	4 7 7
Reinder.....	4 7 7
Historian.....	4 7 6
Podesta.....	3 7 6
Amara.....	4 7 5
Adelaide.....	4 7 5
Flayaway Jack.....	3 7 5
Retty.....	5 7 4
Albura.....	3 7 4
Suzanne, by Tournement—Susannah (bred in France).....	4 7 4
Dark Cloud.....	3 7 3
Actrea.....	4 7 2
Stockhausen.....	3 7 2
Donboy.....	4 7 2
Valer.....	5 7 2
Shilling a Dozen (late Burgundy).....	3 7 0
Picket.....	4 6 13
Charnwood.....	5 6 13
Curieuse.....	4 6 12
Constellation.....	4 6 12
Newsmann.....	3 6 12
Lightning.....	3 6 12
Douglas.....	3 6 12
Uncas.....	5 6 10
Whid of Athol.....	3 6 10
Margravine.....	3 6 10
Forget-me-Not.....	3 6 10
Louise, by Zouave.....	3 6 8
Sylvia (Ar. in France).....	3 6 8
Blue Bell.....	3 6 7
Atlas.....	3 6 7
Patrick.....	3 6 7
Mooring.....	3 6 6
Tin Weaver.....	3 6 4
Kaifad.....	3 6 4
Talavera.....	3 6 4
Diana.....	3 6 4
Fusee.....	3 6 4
Referee.....	3 6 4
King of Clubs.....	3 6 3
Elferon.....	3 6 2
Carfax.....	3 6 2
Lady Sophia.....	3 6 0
Alice.....	3 6 0
Henbane.....	3 6 0
Stockpurse.....	3 6 0
General Prim.....	3 6 0
Vandenhoff.....	3 6 0
Wild Woodley.....	3 5 12
by Carnival—Lella.....	3 5 10
Dubois.....	3 5 10
Ben-Macdui.....	3 5 10
Birdie.....	3 5 10
Leoville.....	3 5 7
Prince Henry.....	3 paid
Pax.....	3 paid

THE NEWMARKET OCTOBER HANDICAP of 150 sovs each, 5 ft., with 100 added; winners of a handicap value 100 sovs after Sept. 19, at ten a.m., 4lb; twice, or of the Great Eastern Handicap, 7lb extra; second to receive 25 sovs A.F. (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards). 78 subs.

Yrs. st. lb.	Yrs. st. lb.
Suffolk	5 9 6
Typhoeus	5 9 4
Border Knight	4 9 4
Cerdagne	4 9 0
Heather Bell	4 9 0
Starter	4 8 10
Midsummer	4 8 10
Sonnette	4 8 10
Ethos	4 8 8
Rupert	4 8 6
Hawthornden	3 8 6
Judge	4 8 4
Hester	3 8 3
Gertrude	3 8 0
Gourbi	4 7 13
Scarboro'	3 7 13
Miss Dayrell	4 7 12
Ladies	4 7 12
Rossignol	3 7 12
Tabernacle	3 7 12
Lictor	5 7 12
Wheatcar	3 7 11
Vagabond	5 7 10
Moslem	5 7 10
Cornet	5 7 9
Normanby	3 7 9
Faraway	4 7 8
Soucar	3 7 8
Temple	3 7 8
Skipjack	3 7 8
Royal Rake	4 7 7
The White Slave	3 7 7
Monseigneur, by Orphelin—Maid of Hart (bred in France)	3 7 7
Blandford	3 7 7
Lily	3 7 7
Neuchâtel	4 7 7
Rysworth	4 7 7
Queen of Hearts	3 7 6

Harry Taylor, the well-known professional jockey and trainer at Cliff's stables, at Hefnesford, Staffordshire, died on Thursday from injuries received in the hurdle race, Sutton Coldfield, on the previous day. The horse he rode swerved at the first hurdle, pitched his rider, and fell heavily upon him. His sufferings were very acute. At the inquest, a verdict of accidental death was returned, and a principal witness recommended to the race committee the use of gorse upon hurdles at future meetings. Deceased leaves a wife and three children, and will be missed in sporting circles.

THE ANGLO-CANADIAN BOAT RACE.

DETAILS have been received by Atlantic cable of the four-oared race which took place on the 15th inst., between the Newcastle-on-Tyne and the St. John, New Brunswick, crews, on Lake St. Lewis, near Lachine. The Canadians won the toss, and the rival crews proceeded to their stations amidst the utmost excitement. The St. John's men, after stripping off their Guernseys, appeared in bright crimson shirts and caps; but the Tyne men stripped to the skin, wearing nothing but their linen drawers, and rowing bareheaded. Mr. Joseph Newton, of Gateshead, held the stern of the Tyne boat, and Mr. Potter that of the Canadian craft, in readiness for the start. The commencement of the contest was signalled by a burst of cheering from the partisans of both. The St. John crew dashed their oars into the water as if with one dip, like a flash of lightning, and at the second stroke the Canadian boat was a few feet of its length in front. The Tyne men quitted their stake-boat very deliberately, but with such equanimity that they at first did no more than twenty-nine strokes to the minute, while the St. John crew rowed thirty-six. Fifty yards of the six miles had barely been traversed before the St. John crew, pulling a short, sharp, and lively stroke, had possessed themselves of a lead of half a length, and they maintained this advantage for the next fifty yards. The long, long, steady, powerful swing of the Tyne crew, however, then began to tell, and Renforth and his colleagues swept up hand over hand in a magnificent style, and drew up level with the St. John crew before 200 yards were rowed. The Tynesiders then went ahead, rowing at thirty-eight strokes to the minute, and when a quarter of a mile had been done the Englishmen held a lead of a length. Maintaining their advantage, they increased the lead to three lengths after passing the first mile, and then took the water of the St. John crew, giving them the full swing of a heavy backwash. The first mile was rowed in six minutes ten seconds, and in the next quarter of a mile the Newcastle men were leading fully 200 yards, the rowing of the Canadians being now somewhat wild. Between the shore and the Dixey's Bushy and Governor's Islands there was about a mile of smooth, sheltered water; and no sooner had they touched upon this than the St. John crew revived a little, and made a game effort. In a moment their friends were in ecstasies, and the enthu-

siasm was considerably heightened when the Canadians settled to their work with a fine rush of forty-six strokes to the minute. The effort in its result was entirely futile, inasmuch as the Tyne men were pulling well within themselves, and taking matters very coolly.

The careful study which Renforth and Taylor had made of the currents at this particular point of the course now served them well, and, having plenty of time to choose their way, owing to their commanding lead, they went close in to the side of the islands, where a sort of natural breakwater is created against the sweep of the mid-channel. This alteration of the track was a great assistance to them, and gave them a very perceptible advantage over their opponents. The steady, machine-like motion and immense propelling power of the Tyne representatives carried them steadily and surely ahead, and they passed Bushy Island (two miles from the start) 250 yards in advance of their adversaries. There were now once more indications of the fact that the St. John crew were tiring of the pace, and their stroke was reduced to forty-two to the minute. The stroke, however, was a mere catch of the water, and was quite powerless to bring them nearer hand the gallant four from Tyneside. Time for two miles 14 minutes 10 seconds. Between this point and the head of Governor's Island the Newcastle crew steadily improved their position, and at the last-named point of the course had quite 300 yards the best of the race. Renforth now eased the Tyne crew to a stroke of thirty-six to the minute—a piece of good policy, more especially as the St. John men, in spite of all their efforts, could not now make their boat travel any faster. No change took place until reaching the turning buoy, which was considered by many in Newcastle to be the only part of the race likely to be attended with any danger to the Tyne crew, who had not had much experience in such work. Renforth, however, upset all these apprehensions by taking his colleagues round the buoy brilliantly in six strokes, and about 300 yards ahead of their opponents. The St. John representatives, contrary to general anticipation, took more strokes to turn. Time to the turning buoy (three miles), 23 minutes, 20 seconds; the St. John crew being 40 seconds behind. Renforth, when he had got his boat fairly round, steadied his men beautifully for the return journey; and Taylor, with wonderful care and nerve, brought them right into the middle of the current, now running strongly in their favour. They were quickly swinging down the river at the long and powerful stroke of thirty-six to the minute. There was not a single incident in the downward row back to the starting-point. The Tyne crew never slackened their steady pace, nor made the slightest mistake, and, much as they had the best of the race, they never threw a chance or a single point away. The St. John men rowed one of the gamest stern races ever witnessed, and none of them were really exhausted until passing Bushy Island, when about four miles and a-half had been done. The two midship oars were then thoroughly knocked up, and their strokes were mere catches on the water, possessing no power. Fulton kept going to the finish, and at a time when there was not the remotest hope of winning. The Tyne crew maintained a lead of 350 yards until nearing the boats, when they eased a little, and, amidst the most intense excitement, went in winners by about 300 yards. Time for the whole distance, 40 minutes 59½ seconds. Immediately on finishing, the St. John crew rowed straight down to their quarters, and Renforth got on board the official boat. He and the other members of the Tyne crew received an ovation as hearty as it was genuine. The champion made a handsome collection on behalf of the defeated men.

The Englishmen had a difficulty to contend with in rowing without a coxswain, and with a steering apparatus familiar to the Canadians, which has already been tried successfully at Henley by an Oxford crew. The Tynesiders were also not all accustomed to the out and home journey, and it was thought, as stated above, that the rounding the turning buoy would be their principal stumbling-block. The names of our representatives were, J. Taylor, T. Winship, J. Martin, and J. Renforth; and those of their antagonists, G. Price, S. Hutton, E. Ress, and R. Fulton.

Since the decision of the race, articles have been drawn up by Coulter, in which he proposes to row Renforth at Pittsburgh, for 400 dols. aside, within three weeks. The people of St. John have raised another 400 dols. for the purpose of making a second match between the above crews, to be rowed in smooth water, either at Lachine, St. John, or in the United States. It should be added, that the race was postponed until the afternoon was far advanced, owing to the stormy weather, and that the Tynesiders were much applauded for venturing out on the rough water long before their opponents ventured to get afloat.

The Man in the Streets.

TWICE within the past week have the French Government publicly adverted to the possibility of street fighting in Paris, and to measures for making it enter into their system of public defence. General Trochu mentioned it as an

ulterior resort in his last order of the day, and the appointment of M. Rochefort as head of a commission of barricades is another movement in the same direction. When barricades are recommended for this purpose, Saragossa is sure to be referred to. Saragossa is the classic example of the defence of a fortified city, after its ramparts have been taken by regular siege and assault. At its first siege, in 1808, that heroic city contained 50,000 inhabitants. On the 16th of June the place was closely invested by the French on the Ebro, and some of their troops penetrated into one of its main streets, and might possibly have taken the place, had not their own success alarmed them, and made them retire suddenly, in fear of an ambushade. Thus it was that the people, changing, as if inspired, from the extreme of terror to that of courage, began casting up defences, piercing loopholes in the walls of the houses, constructing ramparts with sandbags, and working with such vigour, that in twenty-four hours they put the place in a condition to withstand an assault. After several vain attempts, the French breached and bombarded the place, and on its refusing to surrender, a storming party forced its way into the principal street, where a terrible tumult took place, for while some Spaniards defended the town, others fled by the suburbs to the country beyond, and were charged by the French cavalry outside. Cries of treason, "the sure signal of assassination," remarks Napier, were raised. The public hospital for mad persons was set on fire, and the insane persons came forth, mingling with the combatants, fighting, shouting, singing, or moping, according to the character of their disorder. The cause of the Spanish seemed lost, for the assailants held the great street in the very heart of the town. But at this moment the French began to plunder, and so weakened themselves. The Saragossans took courage, and fought desperately, so that by the end of the day the French held one side of the street and the Spanish the other. From this time the fighting was murderous and constant, one party endeavouring to take, the other to defend the houses. Skill was nearly useless, and as the French were weak—being only 15,000 in number when they entered the town—and disastrous events had taken place in other parts of Spain, they desisted from their enterprise. Yet, as Napier has observed, "Saragossa owed her safety to accident; the desperate resistance was more the result of chance than of virtue." Two circumstances principally contributed to the success of the defence—the bad discipline of the French, and the system of terror established by the Spanish leaders. The moment when a town has been taken by assault is a most critical one; military regulation alone will not secure the necessary discipline at such a moment. "National institutions only," says the distinguished and gallant historian of the Peninsular War, "will produce that moral discipline necessary to make a soldier fulfil his whole duty." The terrorism exercised by the leaders at Saragossa is indisputable. The commandant of Monte Terro, for permitting himself to be defeated, was tried and put to death; an unsuccessful General of Artillery was killed without trial; the Chief Engineer, an officer of skill and courage, was arbitrarily imprisoned. The slightest word or gesture of discontent was punished by murder. "But it succeeded," it will be said. It succeeded once at Saragossa; but it was tried again, under much more favourable conditions, and it miserably failed.

The second siege of Saragossa is in every sense more instructive than the first. After the battle of Tudela, O'Neill's and the greater part of Castana's army fled to Saragossa. The hearts of the people, who had expected to hear of their victory, sank within them. But a concurrence of circumstances rendered the French unable to follow up their advantage, and the Spanish leaders contrived to restore order, provide stores, and complete the defensive works. They also restored the Terror, and ensured implicit obedience by a ferocious exercise of power. This time the defenders of Saragossa neglected neither the rules of art nor the resources of genius. The houses of Saragossa were strongly constructed, for the most part of two stories, each story vaulted and nearly fire-proof, and in every quarter massive convents and churches rose above the low buildings. The citizens gave up themselves and their goods to the

war, and mingling with the peasants and soldiers, formed one mighty garrison, forming in all a mass of fifty thousand combatants, excited almost to frenzy. Every house was a fort, and every family a garrison. The besiegers, who were to take this strong position from superior numbers, were thirty-five thousand men. The Spaniards were successful in several fierce preliminary encounters; nevertheless, at the end of a month the walls of Saragossa went to the ground. "But," says Napier, in a figure of startling power, "Saragossa remained erect, and as the broken girdle fell from the heroic city, the besiegers started at her naked strength." The regular defences had crumbled, but the popular resistance was instantly called into action, with all its terrors. The war raged in every street, the alarm bell was heard in every quarter; the houses nearest to the lodgments of the enemy were crowded with the angry people; additional barricades were constructed across the principal thoroughfares; and the internal communications from house to house were multiplied, until they formed a vast labyrinth, the intricate windings of which were only to be traced by the weapons and dead bodies of the defenders. The Terror arrayed itself in new horrors, and rows of gibbets were seen on which each night crowds of wretches were suspended because their courage sank under accumulated burdens, or because some doubtful expression, or gesture of fear, had been misconstrued by the barbarous leaders. Lasnes commanded the French, and prudently declining the open battle, set his men to work with the mattock and mine. By hard fighting day by day, they extended their lodgments on the ramparts; they not only mined, but fought for each house. The convents were taken and retaken, and where houses had been destroyed by explosions the Spanish fought on the ruins. When a house could be defended no longer, it was saturated with rosin and pitch, and then set fire to, the burning barrier often delaying the assailants two days. The fighting was incessant; a constant bombardment, the explosion of mines, the crash of falling buildings, clamorous shouts, and the continued rattle of musketry, deafened the ear, while columns of smoke and dust, filling the atmosphere, hovered continually over the heads of the combatants. It was thus that the French worked their way to the heart of the city; but the spirit of their army was well nigh broken. For fifty days they had laboured and fought without intermission, and were falling in the obscurity of subterranean warfare. There were 30,000 against 50,000, and scarcely a fourth of the city had been taken. Lasnes showed his soldiers the other side of the medal, and so raised their spirits that a general assault took place. In one quarter a great explosion occurred, the French made a sudden rush, and the Spaniards, taken in the rear, suddenly abandoned a whole line of strongholds, which, until then they had held. In another direction the great University building was destroyed by the springing of a mine. By a succession of measures like these, and the free use of artillery, the constancy of the defenders was shaken, and they asked for terms. Had they not done so, in a few days the whole place would have been laid in ruins. As it was, the crowding of women and children in cellars, the close atmosphere, the reduced diet, and fear and restlessness of mind, had combined to produce a pestilence, which spread to the garrison, and such was the predisposition to disease, that the slightest wound gangrened and became incurable. In the last four weeks of the siege the daily deaths were from four to five hundred; the living were unable to bury the dead, and thousands of corpses lay about the streets. The city, too, was shaken to its foundations. Such is street fighting, which at this, the second siege of Saragossa, did not succeed; the place surrendered at discretion. The French did not lose above four thousand men. Napier's caution should be remembered. As an isolated transaction, he says, the siege of Saragossa is very remarkable; yet it would be a great error to suppose that any town the inhabitants of which were exceedingly resolute, might be as well defended. Fortune and bravery will do much, but the combinations of science are not to be defied with impunity; there are no miracles in war. "If the houses in Saragossa had not been nearly incombustible, the bombardment alone would have caused the be-

sieged to surrender, or perish with their flaming city." These lines point to the certain fate of Paris, if M. Rochefort's barricades should ever be brought into requisition. By offering to defend their city street by street, the French would, by their own voluntary choice, waive all claim to consideration for their treasures, and would challenge bombardment. We cannot believe that this is General Trochu's intention, however he may find it politic to humour the turbulent population of Belleville by embroidering a showy stripe of revolution upon the dark mantle of war.

OUR GUNS.

NEXT to the folly of refusing to profit by experience is the fatality of misunderstanding the lesson. There is danger lest our authorities should be led into the latter misfortune, in reference to certain incidents connected with the French and Prussian artillery. The crushing effect of the fire from the Prussian guns at the Battle of Sedan is associated with the fact that these guns were breech-loaders, while the French guns are muzzle-loaders. Hence it has been argued that the superior effect produced by the Prussian guns is due to the breech-loading principle, or that at least the present results are so extraordinary as to render it desirable that the British War Office should reconsider its present determination to adopt muzzle-loading for field guns. But a little inquiry and consideration will show that there are other points of difference between the French and Prussian artillery, quite as likely to influence the efficiency of the guns as the question of breech or muzzle-loading.

At the outset we may as well refer to what may be cited as the great and pre-eminent advantage of a breech-loading gun—namely, that the projectile, being inserted at the breech, may be made of such a diameter that no wastage shall accrue as it travels towards the muzzle of the piece. Hence the full effect of the powder will be utilised, and as there will be no escape of ignited gas between the projectile and the inner surface of the gun, the injurious action of "scoring" will be avoided. As a set-off to these advantages, we may mention the readiness with which breech-loading guns become disabled in the excitement of battle or the rough usage of a campaign. The idea that a more rapid rate of firing is obtained by means of breech-loading, as applied to field guns, is now generally admitted to be a mistake. A 64-pounder muzzle-loading Fraser gun has been loaded four times and fired five times in the space of a minute. The new bronze muzzle-loading field gun for India has fired eleven rounds in two minutes. This latter result was obtained at Shoeburyness, when competing with the Fossbury mitrailleuse. A 12-pounder breech-loader was used at the same time, and only exhibited a maximum of nine rounds in two minutes, though on one occasion a tenth round would have been obtained but for the misfire of a friction tube.

It is suggested that the Prussians have a better system of breech-loading than that of the English artillery. But this superiority appears to consist chiefly in the fact that the gun is not so likely to become disabled as our own. Possibly the Prussian fire is more rapid than ours, but this is not ascertained. The most emphatic testimony to the excellence of the Prussian artillery is found in the statement attributed to Napoleon immediately after the Battle of Sedan. The Emperor referred the superiority of the Prussian artillery as consisting, "not in numbers, but in weight, range, and precision." In order to understand the value of this opinion, we must clearly apprehend the character of the French artillery, to which the Prussian was thus declared to be superior. On this point it would appear that the French field gun simply fires an elongated projectile weighing nine English pounds. The Prussians fire projectiles of nine pounds and fifteen pounds. The Prussian field batteries are probably armed with this comparatively heavy gun, in which case the superior weight of metal compared with the French is manifest. This heavier gun doubtless has a greater range than the French 9-pounder, and hence, at the same distance—or one somewhat greater—will have a flatter trajectory, favourable to precision of aim. It is even asserted that the Prussian field guns fire projectiles as heavy as sixteen pounds.

We now proceed to consider the British field guns more at length. Here the fact which strikes us more distinctly than any other is the presence of that fatal lightness of artillery which is so marked a feature of the French system, as compared with the Prussian. We seem to have been fascinated by the Armstrong breech-loader into a disregard of weight. Yet our authorities might have been expected to remember what took place at Inkermann. In that critical and desperate battle the tide of victory was mainly turned by the bringing up of two 18-pounder siege guns, which were cleverly brought into action, and opened fire on the Russians with tremendous effect. Our heaviest field guns at the present time are the 12-pounder breech-loading Armstrong gun for batteries, and the 9-pounder for the horse artillery. These guns are the same in calibre, so that they can interchange

their ammunition in an emergency. The 12-pounder weighs 8½ cwt., and the 9-pounder weighs 6 cwt. The new Indian muzzle-loading gun weighs 8 cwt. But in the old smooth-bore days we were willing to carry into the field a gun weighing as much as 15 cwt., in the case of the bronze 9-pounder. We also had a bronze 24-pounder howitzer, weighing 12½ cwt. If we were content to carry such weights now, would there be any reason to fear comparison with the Prussian guns, even though we gave up breech-loading for muzzle-loading? What is to prevent us from having a muzzle-loading rifled gun firing shell of 20 pounds; the gun itself weighing even less than the bronze howitzer of former days? We are boasting of the Indian gun, which weighs 8 cwt., and fires a projectile of 9 pounds, when we might have a gun, only 50 per cent. heavier, firing a projectile of 120 per cent. greater weight. We might expect that such a weapon as this would give the English field artillery the same superiority over the Prussian that the Prussian now possesses over the French.

Much has been said of the bronze 9-pounder lately made for the Indian service. No doubt it is a very creditable weapon. But the propriety of introducing it into the British service may be doubted. It is not enough to reply that some of the Prussian guns are made of bronze. The best of the Prussian guns are of Krupp's make, and are therefore of steel. We look upon it as a matter for regret that a considerable number of these bronze guns are now in course of manufacture at Woolwich for the British Government. If the Indian Government choose to maintain a foundry for bronze guns at Cossipore, they may have fair reasons for doing so; but there is no evident reason why the same thing should be done at Woolwich. A perverted notion of economy seems to intervene just where it is capable of doing most mischief. Bronze guns are easily melted and re-cast, and it is argued that this affords facilities for changing the form of guns in accordance with the continual progress in the art of gun-making. It seems almost scandalous that modern science should be made responsible for bronze guns. Will 8 cwt. of bronze make as effective a gun as a like weight of iron and steel? If not, why should our forces be armed with an inferior weapon? The issue of a battle may decide the fate of a kingdom, and it would be poor consolation to the defeated army to know that its inferior weapons were capable of being easily re-cast on a better pattern.

The real problem of our field artillery, we take it, is not to see how light and cheap our guns can be made, but rather how we can develop our artillery to the highest degree of efficiency. If we can do wonderful things with a gun of 8 cwt., it should be an encouragement to us to proceed in getting the maximum power from the maximum weight. But we have been content to make our projectiles the measure of our gun, and have congratulated ourselves on reducing the weight of our piece while increasing the range and accuracy of the shot. "Weight, range, and precision" demand that we should have a powerful gun. But if we are going to use bronze, no one can say that our field pieces will be as powerful as they might be. Cast iron is cheaper than wrought, but guns made of mere cast iron are scarcely equal to coil guns lined with steel tubes.

An illustration of the economical principle is afforded by the steel and iron 12-pounders now in course of being rifled at Woolwich. There are about thirty of these weapons. Their manufacture commenced two years ago, but the work was suddenly suspended, and the guns were put in store without being rifled. They were muzzle-loaders, and the authorities said that as plenty of breech-loaders were in existence, so breech-loaders should be used. The guns thus shelved are now brought forward, and are being perfected as muzzle-loading rifled guns. The notion of "using up" obsolete artillery, and thus clearing off the old stock before taking to the new, would seem to imply that war is a much easier game than is generally supposed.

The parsimony displayed in the production of guns appears positively absurd when contrasted with the expensive organisation required for working them. A troop of Horse Artillery costs the country nearly £30,000 a-year, and the only use of this troop is to bring six guns into action. A mere saving in the cost of the guns is, therefore, a very subordinate question. A second-class gun may rob our £30,000 a-year of half its value, and in consequence the cheaper weapon may be the worse bargain. Even if our gun is of the best construction, it may exhibit a fatal inferiority by being of too small a calibre. Prussia is giving us a lesson in this respect which we cannot safely disregard; and the Battle of Sedan brings prominently into view the power of artillery in governing the issue of a battle. Yet this is not the first lesson of the kind which the present generation has witnessed. We have already referred to Inkermann. But, subsequently to that period, the Italian campaign showed the value to France of the rifled guns with which Napoleon's army was then equipped, and the victories of Magenta and Solferino may be said to stand on record as triumphs of the artillerist. If such victories are to follow the standard of England, we must see to it that we are not beaten in field guns, as were the Austrians in 1859, and the French in 1870.

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